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WASHINGTON, D. C.

IN THE COUNTRY, July 25, 1859.

MY DEAR ERA: I am in trouble. I wish if you or your thousands of readers could help me out of it.

Very early this morning, as I was passing through a dark chamber, I heard a cry of distress. It seemed to fall and flood the whole room, but at length I found that it proceeded from the fire-place. I sounded the tones, and the whole family marveled themselves in every stage of dismay. "Mice!" suggested one, in whom a mouse inspires more fear than would a regiment of volunteers with a band of music and a park of artillery. "Burning up, I suppose," said another, who had just been looking at the charming and graphic pictures in an old copy of Fox's Book of Martyrs. But, as no fire had been kindled, this was hardly probable. An immediate investigation was determined on. Glimlets, or hamsters, or whatever you call those things that people pull out with their nails, were brought, the iron fire-boat wrenched from its place, and I peeped in. Black as Acheron. A lamp was lighted, and there was a little broken bird's nest, and four little birds, spilt out on the soot, that had fallen on the hearth. For many weeks we had heard a kind of rumbling in the chimney, something like distant thunder, and had concluded it to be the chimney-swallows and now here they were. We took out the nest in fragments. It was built entirely of sticks, short bits, perhaps an inch long, half long, just twisted together, and seemingly stuck by accident. There was nothing else in the nest, nothing soft, on the inside, but it was conspicuously smooth, the ends of the sticks having been made to come on the outside. We picked up the birds, one by one, from the soot, and a most distressed family they were—bony bodies, disagreeing skinny noses, straight little horrid pin-feathers that did not half cover their horrid thin skin, big heads, cold legs and claws, eyes shut close, mouths wide open, and such mouths and throats, yawning chasms that threatened to swallow you whole, or at least looked as if they would like to do so. And the poor birdies, too, were very bad singers, at it again. What a do! do with them! Whoa! give me a hand to the heat now! Methods of rearing callow birds, will confer a lasting obligation on Your obedient servant,

THE NATION ERA.

G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

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GAIL HAMILTON.

But, dear me! they will all die before I am afraid.

For the National Era.

GOING INTO THE COUNTRY.

BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

I looked over my portfolio, to-night, with the hope of finding some sealings thought which by care may be expanded so as to bear the following letters from my old schoolmate, Stella.

With a triumphant "Furkis!" I took up my pen and was about to make excuses, when Conscience uprose with the query, "How will you justify this breach of trust?"

For a moment my hand seemed paralyzed; but when I remembered the spirit of inquiry that marks our age—that ardent pursuit of knowledge which requires an author to do about it. Now, the question arises, what shall I do with it? I resolved to take it with me when I came to my new home. The branch of a tree was on the window-sill, in a storm, a few days ago, and the four eggs fell out and were broken, whereupon the hen flew away, and I never saw her again. It was brought in. It was made of hay, and was of course much warmer and softer than the other; but we thought they must be accustomed to the new world, even if it did slightly enclose their first home. So we sent them to a neighbor who came after another ewerattering from the chimney. A further search brought to light another fragment of the nest, with a fifth bird clinging to it for dear life. It was placed with his brother, and the two were soon at peace, perchance the fire-place, in the hope that the old bird would hear their cries, and take prompt measures for their relief. The fire-boat was properly put out, and our bird was safe; but a broad and bony road-bead, who was any more successful. I have just put them out on a fork of the peach tree in the garden, and am now sitting near them, not far from, to watch and see if they had got home, but who had half an eye on the nest, in a very suspicious way.

That kitten, I must tell you about her, as a sort of offshoot of the birds. They are total strangers to her, and she may be seen a perfect success—a decided "hit." We bring her home surreptitiously in a basket, as the birds of the house has put a veto on cats, and we feared to let her out, and a pretty heavy one, too. Little did we dream that she would be the means of saving our nest, and that she would remain a true friend to us for life. She is a kitten of remarkable personal beauty, and exceedingly amiable and affectionate disposition, ever ready to make an effort in her behalf. So, as I said, she may be seen a perfect success—a decided "hit."

"Evening, Al M.—"

"Even

